

"That's not the point. There are men in the world to whom you might show the monument in Trafalgar-square at noonday and they wouldn't see it."

"Indeed—yes," said the captain, with extraordinary eagerness, heartily assenting to this proposition, though he did not in the least see its bearing upon Dr. Slader.

But the truth was, Mr. Tillotson was infinitely better, and from that day began to recover; yet very slowly.

At the door Sir Duncan stopped, as if he had suddenly recollected something.

"By the way," he said, "the little girl who came to me last night—very cleverly done, too, it was—I wanted to ask you about her. Delicate, eh?"

"Well, do you know," said uncle Diamond, confidentially, "I think so, now and then. She says she's not."

"Of course," said Sir Duncan; "we all know that. Tender about here?" he added, laying his hand on his waistcoat.

"Exactly," said Captain Diamond, with eager eyes; "you're like a prophet, doctor. And I was thinking, do you know, if you'd just drop down and pay her a visit, with that trumpet thing they use."

"Stethoscope, my friend. Call things by their right names."

"Exactly—of course, Sir Duncan, and bring—it," said uncle Diamond, not caring to trust himself with that word; "and, doctor—*professionally*, I mean," he added, his fingers seeking the chain purse.

"Oh, I know. Very well," said Sir Duncan, "I will. Give me your address. I say, captain, lucky Lady Dennison is in the country—eh? I wouldn't have her know of my trip in the cab last night for a fifty pound-note—eh? Ha! ha!"

"Ah, Sir Duncan!" said the captain, enjoying it; "a sad fellow, I'm afraid. You could tell us some stories—eh?"

He came to the captain's house in a day or two. Mr. Tillotson was mending fast. He sat and talked.

"Send up for her," he said, gaily; "I want to see my cab-fellow."

"Uncommonly good of him," said Captain Diamond afterwards. "Cab-fellow, you know—a tip-top alive fellow, that has read books." But of late, since Mr. Tillotson's recovery had been assured, she had grown shy and retiring; perhaps a little ashamed of her forwardness; perhaps, too, under the open scorn of Martha Malcolm. At the door a cough revealed her.

"Come up here, ma'am," said the doctor, going towards her; "I have you now—"

"What do you want, sir?" she said, colouring, and struggling to escape.

"What, d'ye forget the cab—eh? There's gratitude! What's the meaning of that cough? When did you get it? Here, does that hurt you, or that—eh?"

He was going through the usual strokes of his profession, and had the "trumpet thing" in his hand.

"Don't be foolish," said he. The captain had discreetly retired.

He met Sir Duncan in the hall, the chain purse in his hand.

"Thanks," said the physician, taking his hand as if he was giving the Masonic grasp. "Look here, captain. We must look after our little friend up-stairs. Flannel jacket to begin, and, when the winter comes, pack her off to Mentone, or some of those places. Mind, not an hour's delay after the winter begins. Fact is, rather sensitive *here*. Hereditary consumption, you know."

"God bless me!" said the captain, with a face of grief.

"Not in *her*, old soldier," said the doctor; "in her father, and so-and-so. Must come down to her in time, unless very careful."

In course of time Mr. Tillotson became "convalescent," and was seen, very pale and a little weak, at the bank. Mr. Bowater was delighted to see him.

"An excellent colleague," he always said; "always go in the shafts till he dropped. In fact, we'd given him the Great Bhootan Report to work through, and he went to it with too much *love*, you know. Very glad to see you, Tillotson. I assure you no one has been allowed to touch the papers since. I gave special orders. Fetch down the Bhootan papers for Mr. Tillotson. Mackenzie has been here every day since. There's a fellow in the room, too."

Mr. Mackenzie was in attendance. With a sort of sigh, and yet with a certain alacrity, Mr. Tillotson went to the work at once.

In truth, while he lay on his bed, getting better, he had reflected a good deal. He was naturally a religious man, and had been reading what are called "good books"—at least one, which is really the best of all good books—the "De Imitatione"—not the maimed, garbled version which has on many occasions been "prepared" for English readers, just as wines are "prepared" for English drinkers, but the old, ripe, unadulterated Latin. As he read, perhaps the human passion—so absorbing as to wreck a whole life and nearly bring him into the Temple of Death—seemed to take less proportions. Perhaps there was a little shame, too, at the slight on the Mystery of his old great sorrow. But as he read, and as he grew better, it seemed as if what he had passed through was not at all so near, and was a thing he could look back to far more calmly. And therefore he entered into business with Mr. Mackenzie with some zest.

"As we finished with him," said that gentleman, "so we begin with Mr. Ross. His friend was here only a week ago, and I must say they have behaved in a very gentlemanly way."

"Gentlemanly! After those inhuman barbarities—"

"Rumours. Well, after all, still, we must not believe *everything* we hear, especially in those places. The lower Indians are notorious

for their want of truth. His friend Grainger has discharged all his obligations to the bank in the fullest way."

"But you told me with such confidence——"

"Pray forgive me, sir, but I hope you haven't been quoting me. It would injure me a great deal. Wild oats must be sown somewhere, and, as his friend says, he may be soon married to a very desirable pairson," added Mr. Mackenzie, falling into his Scotch accent. "I cannot vooch for all the idle stories that float through a settlement."

"Going to be married," repeated Mr. Tillotson, mechanically. "Ah, at last! And when?"

"I think he said immediately, but I cannot be certain. A very beautiful creature, too."

Here Thomas à Kempis came back strongly upon Mr. Tillotson's mind with a little commentary, "Weary nights, weeks and months, and nervous fever—all for this!"

THE SALMON HARVEST.

SALMON are *harvested* and garnered by the savages in North-West America as we in the civilised world reap the "golden grain" and store it for winter use. In the Columbia river, the salmon harvest commences early in June; in the Fraser, east of the Cascade range of mountains, somewhat later. The modes by which salmon are captured by the Indians in these immense streams are different in every detail, and show how a slight change in the geological features of a valley may, by altering the character of the streams flowing through it, change at the same time the habits, systems of fishing, nets, canoes, and wigwams, of the natives.

The Columbia, as it hastens on from the bergs and fies of the Rocky Mountains to its home in the Pacific, offers numerous impediments to the salmon's ascent, although none of them are insurmountable. When the summer sun melts the snow that crowns every hill, and fills the valleys and ravines, the mass of water trickles in myriad currents into the larger stream, causing the river to rise rapidly, often thirty-five feet above its winter level. This increase of bulk enables the fish (ascending to spawn) to clear falls, and thread their way through narrow tortuous channels, that would be impassable save for this admirable provision. Thus reduced to simple hindrances, the wily savage turn them to good account, and during the "run" harvests his crop of "swimming silver."

The first salmon entering the Columbia are taken at Chinook-point, and are said to be the best that are caught. These fish usually find their way to the markets of San Francisco.

This once famous fishery is situated in a snug bay, just inside the sand-bar which renders the entrance for vessels of any tonnage into the river, except during the calmest weather, both difficult and dangerous; the very bay in which

the ill-fated ship *Tonquin* cast anchor; on her decks stood a terror-stricken crew and band of adventurers—the subsequent founders of famed Astoria. The unpretending village of wooden houses, nestling amid the pine-trees, little better than it was fifty year ago, is still visible to the traveller, as the huge ocean steamers splash past it, en route to Portland. The Indian fishermen are gone; the pale-face and his fire-water have done their work; a few salmon are still speared and netted; but the grand army now pass the outpost unmolested, and, marching on, have nothing to stay or hinder their progress until they reach the first rapids, called the Cascades, about one hundred and eighty miles from the sea.

At this point the whole river forces its way through the Cascade range of mountains. Dashing in headlong haste for many miles, whirling round masses of angular rock, like small islands, rushing through narrow channels and over vast boulders, not even a canoe, manned by the most skilful Indian paddles, dares risk its navigation. On either side rise walls of rock six hundred feet in height, on whose bare face the pine clings, as if it sprouted from the solid stone; small waterfalls, too numerous to count, tumble down like lines of silver over the basaltic columns and coloured tuffas; hence comes the name the rapids bear, and perhaps the mountain range—the Cascades.

The scenery of the lower Columbia, betwixt this gap (like a Titan canal cut through the mountains) and the flat region surrounding Fort Vancouver, is indescribably lovely. The mighty stream rolls on its course, after clearing the rapids, past bold promontories a thousand feet high, under long lines of cliff thickly clothed with pine and cedar; the monotonous, impenetrable foliage, like an ocean of sombre green, here and there relieved by open grassy flower-decked glades; thus on, by level swampy meadows fringed with the trembling poplar, the black birch, the willow, and vine maple, until it widens out into a vast estuary at its mouth, inside the sand-bar, seven miles across.

The Indian, ever ready with a legend to account for everything, says that the river once ran under an immense arch, which, spanning the width of waters, formed a natural bridge, over which was a trail that a bygone race used, and thus spared themselves the trouble of swimming the stream above the rapids. An earthquake, stirred up by the Evil Spirit, shook it all down, and thus formed the rapids—a supposition, looking at the geological character of the sides, and detritus scattered about in the water, far from improbable. The bad genii thought to dam back the salmon effectually, but made a miserable mistake, and conferred a benefit where a punishment was intended. The impediment, simply hindering the salmon in its ascent, facilitates its capture. A short time prior to the river's rising, several tribes of Indians leave their hunting-grounds, assemble together, and camp along the sides of the rapids. Forgetting all old grievances, in anticipation of the salmon harvest

(and, for the time, as they figuratively express it, "burying the hatchet, and blunting the arrow"), they jointly labour to construct numerous stages, which look very like unsafe clumsy scaffoldings, placed over hollows, intentionally cleared amongst the boulders; water-traps, of ingenious contrivance, the purpose of which is to allow a free sweep to the net, and to cause an eddy. A tempting resting-place is so made, luring the tired fish to tarry awhile and recruit its wasted energies; then the red-skin turns the occasion to his own profitable account.

The platform consists simply of four strong poles, firmly built in, with heavy stones to resist the rapid rush of the water and support the stage, which is made of lighter poles, lashed to the uprights with a rude rope of twisted cedar bark; three or four very long poles, placed slantwise, make a kind of tramroad to the shore. This work is completed during low water. As many as a hundred of these curious-looking contrivances are usually placed along the edge of the "long narrows."

Three or four days after the river begins to rise, the salmon are expected, and one or two Indians take up their position on each stage, being equipped with a net, circular in form, and about three feet in diameter, and from seven to eight feet in depth of purse; the handle, made from some tough wood, is usually fifty feet in length, and springy like a fly-rod. When fishing, the Indian lies on his stomach, gazing from the platform intently into the eddying current. The net is then plunged into the water, as far up stream as it is possible for the fisher to fling it, and is allowed to sweep past as far as the handle will reach; thus, a fish idling in the eddy is pretty sure to get into the hoop of the net, the force of the water driving the hoop along, encloses it within the meshes, and, once there, escape is impossible. Rapidly the silvery captive is dragged upon the stage, a heavy blow with a club stops its flapping, and again the lucky savage plies his net. Boys and squaws are waiting to clutch the prize and lug it to the shore, where the process of curing is performed by the women. This can be better explained when describing the grand fishery higher up the river. By this system of netting, two hundred salmon are often landed in a single day on one stage. The men relieve each other at the work, and the nets are not relinquished from dawn to dark.

A short passage from Washington Irving's delightful book, *Astoria*, may be worth transcribing, as showing how important this fishery was to the Indians when first visited by the "whites," and how rapidly the customs of aborigines change. No record of the trading village remains, or of the trade with other far-off tribes: neither is the described system of pounding the salmon carried on now—at least, I have never seen it in action.

"Here the salmon caught in the neighbouring rapids were 'warehoused,' to wait customers. Hither the tribes from the mouth of the Columbia repaired with the fish of the sea-coast,

the roots, berries, and especially the wappatoo, gathered in the lower parts of the river, together with goods and trinkets obtained from the ships which casually visited the coast. Hither also the tribes from the Rocky Mountains brought down horses, bear grass, quamash, and other commodities of the interior. The merchant fishermen at the falls acted as middlemen or factors, and passed the object of traffic, as it were, cross-handed; trading away part of the wares received from the mountain tribes to those of the river and the plains, and vice versa; their packages of pounded salmon entered largely into the system of barter, and being carried off in opposite directions, found their way to the savage hunting-camps far in the interior, and to the casual white traders who touched upon the coast."

The next station is forty miles above the Cascade rapids, at the Dalls. There the river passes in numberless channels through a solid mass of slaty rocks—an effectual stop to navigation, necessitating a portage of ten miles. This has given origin to a brisk little trading town. The mode of fishing being pretty nearly like that practised at the rapids, I must ask my reader to accompany me eight hundred miles further up the river to the Kettle Falls.

These falls are situated very near one of the oldest trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the site for which was selected with especial reference to the immense concourse of Indians that annually assemble at this spot during "the salmon run." The trading post, a solitary quaint old log-house, is built near the river-bank, on a wide gravelly flat, completely shut in by tree-clad hills. There can be little, if any, doubt that this dry patch of land was once the bottom of a lake, the imprisoned waters of which broke their way out at the falls; indeed, the water level of the lake is still clearly traceable round the bases of the encircling hills. About a mile above the falls, the Columbia receives a large tributary, the Na-hoi-la-pit-ka river: an Indian name meaning boiling or bubbling up, and still in use among the natives to designate the falls; by the white traders it is corrupted to the less poetical appellation of Kettle, the similitude of the foaming surge (where the stream tumbles over the rocks) to a boiling caldron, being apt and truthful.

The head-quarters of the North-American Boundary Commission, to which the writer was naturalist, were situated about a mile and a half up stream from this spot, on the bank of the Columbia, where its width is four hundred yards, and the distance from the sea, in round numbers, about one thousand miles.

For twenty miles above our barracks, down to its confluence with the river before spoken of, the Columbia flows on smooth and glassy as a pond; then, with rapidly increasing velocity rushing on, is split by an island, just prior to its dashing over a mass of volcanic rocks, occupying the full breadth of the chasm through which it passes, and above five hundred yards wide. At low water this is an impassable

barrier to the salmon, but the rise of the river enables them to leap it easily. On one side of the fall there is a wide flat plateau of rocks, the descent to which is by a winding trail down an almost vertical cliff.

Very early in May the Indians began to arrive; day after day, and all day long, from every direction, strange processions, consisting of horses laden with lodges, squaws, children, together with the strangest medley of chattels (every atom of property possessed by the tribe is always carried along with them, even to the dogs, when migrating to attend the salmon harvest), wind down the various trails leading to the trading-post. Small villages of lodge, the encampments of different tribes, rapidly scatter over the plain; bands of horses scamper, in wild confusion, up the green hill-sides, carefully guarded by their herders; the smoke of countless lodge fires coils slowly up in misty wreaths; chiefs and braves lounge lazily about the trading-post; medicine men—in other words, the conjurers, doctors, and invariably the greatest scoundrels of the tribes—busy themselves at their incantations, making “salmon medicine” to ensure a prosperous harvest; while squaws, old and young, pitch the lodges, carry wood and water, cook, and quell the perpetual riots going on amidst the newly-met children and dogs. In about a week, from nine hundred to one thousand Indians are camped in readiness for fishing. On their arrival, and during the fishing season, every chief is under the control of one (“the salmon chief”) who manages and directs the fishery, settles all disputes, and sees to the equitable division of the take.

When the assembly is completed, camps satisfactorily arranged, and all the details of this novel colony adjusted, preparations are commenced at the falls. The drying-houses, about fifty in number, are first repaired. These are built on the plateau of rocks previously mentioned, and consist of sheds open at the sides, but roofed over with rush mats; a series of parallel poles placed close together, like a ceiling (on which to hang the fish), complete each edifice. Then old and skilled hands set to work to make the *fishing traps* (I may mention, that neither nets, spears, nor canoes are ever employed at this fishery). These traps are huge woven affairs, the materials used in their construction being willow, hazel, birch, maple, and cedar; the diameter is about twelve feet, and the depth from eighteen to twenty feet. Numbers of these are made: the young Indians bringing the materials for the supply of the skilled workmen. As these baskets are completed, others prepare to fix them in the places where, from long experience, the fishers well know the salmon invariably leap. This is both a difficult and a dangerous service, as they have to hang them from trees, one end weighted down in the water with enormous stones and rocks. Of course, all this is accomplished before the river begins to rise. Nothing but the strength of numbers, combined with long practice, could ever enable these uncivilised men to accomplish so formidable a

piece of engineering. Immense pine-trees are felled with rude hatchets and cleared of their branches, dragged down on the rocks, rolled on other trees across deep chasms, levered, twisted, tugged, and turned about, until fixed securely and immovable in the desired position. When ready for the baskets, these trees, projecting over the surging water, look like gibbets for giants.

The wicker baskets—giants, too, in their way—being completed, and long ropes, made from the inner bark of the cypress-tree, woven to suspend them, the next job is to hang them. To manage this final, but ticklish operation, all lend a hand, and as each has his say, young and old jabber in different Indian languages, until one imagines the days of Babel returned. By dint of many swimming, others bestriding trees, numbers hauling at ropes, and greater numbers doing nothing except advising and hindering the rest, the vast wicker traps are hung safely, awaiting the rising of the river, and, with it, the salmon.

Pending these events, a continual round of enjoyment is indulged in; the gayest costumes are sported, vermilion is used in reckless profusion; the rival tribes, young and old, struggle to outvie one another; horse-racing, foot and hurdle-racing, hazard, dice, shuffle-stick, even a savage “Aunt Sally,” are in constant progress throughout the livelong day; even during the night, the light of the lodge-fire, the drowsy chant and beating together of sticks, and a clumsy kind of tambourine, give warning to all hearers that gambling is going forward. High stakes are played for—horse, blankets, slaves, guns, traps; I have often seen wives and daughters risked on a race or a throw with the dice. The women game even more recklessly than the men.

The salmon-sentries announce the appearance of the first fish, and all hands rush to commence the work of catching and curing. This may be the best place in which to mention, incidentally, that the salmon are indispensable to the existence of the inland tribes of Indians. Nature supplies the tribes with these fish with a lavish profusion, incredible to any who have not seen the “salmon run” in these wondrous rivers. Every stream becomes so filled with fish, that to throw a stone into the water without hitting one is next to an impossibility. When I say that the Commissioner (I need not mention names) and myself found it difficult to ride through a ford, in consequence of the abundance of the salmon thronging upward and onward to spawn, some idea may be formed of the incredible numbers that annually visit the rivers of the north-west.

Soon after the arrival of the vanguard, the main army reach the falls, and the water become a moving mass of silvery fish; fifty, and even more, may be seen leaping the rushing cascade at a time; many succeed, but the greater number fall back into the baskets, so deftly hung to receive them—two hundred salmon a day are frequently taken from a single basket. Two naked savages enter the wicker trap, each armed with a short heavy club, and stand amidst the struggling captives, the water

dashing over them like a monster shower-bath. A fish seized, a sharp rap on the head knocks it senseless, then it is flung on to the rocks, a similar fate awaits another, and so salmon after salmon is pitched out, until the tired Indians are replaced by fresh. On the plateau, a scene equally busy is going on; the squaws and children drag the fish to the drying-sheds, split them open, remove the backbone and head, then hang them on the poles to dry—the head, backbone, and a portion of the entrails and roe being the only parts at this time eaten. Small fires are kept smouldering under the drying fish, to drive off the flies and aid in its preservation. When sufficiently dried, the salmon are packed in rush mats and tightly corded, about fifty pounds weight in each bale. Packing them in this manner facilitates their transport on the backs of horses.

I have eaten salmon thus cured, after it has been packed two years, sound and free from taint as on the day it was caught. The salmon-run over, which lasts about three months—although the first three weeks produce the greater number—the equal distribution of the catch is made under the supervision of the salmon chief, tents are struck, horses packed, and each tribe wend their way back to their wintering-grounds, where, during the long snowy nipping winters, they live on the fruits of the salmon harvest.

On the Fraser river there are no impediments to the salmon's ascent as far up as any Indians reside. Its waters rise as those of the Columbia do, but with swifter course. In a few places—I may instance the solid wall of rocks (along the base of which the river dashes with great fury) betwixt the Sur-nass and Chil-uk-wey-uk rivers—stages are used, but are hung over the water by ropes made fast to the trees on the top of the cliff. A similar kind of net to that of the cascades is used in this case. But the system by which the great take is managed is a most ingenious net fastened between two canoes moored in the eddy. Poles, too, armed with sharp hooks, are used with great success to hook or gaff the salmon into the canoe. On this river there are no regular fisheries, nor any assemblage of tribes from far-off places, as on the Columbia. Each village works for itself; neither do they take the same care in preserving the fish as their brethren of the east take.

I have weighed salmon at the falls on the Columbia, of seventy-five pounds. Forty pounds is a common average. Why they obstinately refuse the most tempting baits, after quitting the sea where they spawn, why they go a thousand miles up stream, and what becomes of the tiny fry, are matters of interest to be considered at some future period. The whole system looks vastly like the combined links of one great magnificent chain of design. A race of people isolated in the far interior of a wild country, hundreds of miles from the sea-coast, are shut up for six months of the twelve in deep snow, subject to an arctic temperature. To en-

able them to bear it, a great quantity of carbon, in some form, is absolutely requisite; roots, berries, or animals, the products of the soil, are alike inadequate to furnish the needful supply. Mighty streams, breaking down mountain ranges, dashing through narrow-bound channels, and leaping craggy ledges, thread their way to the ocean. Fish, proverbial for their fatness, prompted by a marvellous instinct, ascend these streams in myriads to deposit their eggs, when the snow-water forms salmon-ladders, of Nature's own contriving. In these fish the savage finds the carbonic life-fuel he must have. X

POOR SOLDIERING.

BESIDES my son George, who joined the navy, I have a son who has entered the army. Nothing would serve him but that I should purchase a commission for him in a line regiment. At first he wanted me to get him into a cavalry regiment; but this I objected to, on the score of expense. So he had to put up with an infantry corps, very much to his disgust.

I did not find it as difficult to obtain a commission in the army as a nomination for the navy, but the expense of the former is at least fifty times that of the latter. No sooner had I obtained from the Horse Guards the official intimation that, provided he could pass the requisite examination before the commissioners, my son would be appointed to an ensigncy in the 110th Foot, than I was inundated with letters from gentlemen offering their services as what are vulgarly called "Crammers." How they got hold of my address, or how they knew that I had a son who was about to enter the army, is to this day a marvel to me. But they did so somehow, and they regularly hunted me down at last. From the time I received the conditional nomination for my son, to the day he would have to appear before the examiners at Chelsea, a period of about three months would elapse; and in this interval my boy would have to prepare himself for an examination on special subjects, to which he had hitherto hardly turned his attention. But there was another condition with respect to his nomination. It was, that if he succeeded in passing the commissioners, I should be prepared to pay the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds for his ensigncy.

By the advice of a military friend, I selected from among the many candidates for my patronage, a gentleman who was briefly described to me as "an awfully good crammer," who had "pulled through" more dunderhead candidates for commissions than any other man in the same line of business. Not that my son was either a fool, or wanting in what I considered to be a good grounding for a military education. He could speak both German and French very fairly, and could even write the latter language well. Of general history, mathematics, arithmetic in the higher branches, he had a knowledge above the average of lads of his age.